

## MARYLAND GAZETTE.

Containing the freshest Advices Foreign and Domestic.

TUESDAY, January 7, 1746.

*Est genus hominum, qui se primos omnium volunt; nec sunt.*

Terentius.

Mr. GREEN,

\*\*\*\*\* S you publish a *News-paper* weekly, for our Entertainment, without which, perhaps, this dull Place would be still duller; and as at some times you seem to be at a Loss for better and more pertinent Subjects, than *Letters from the King to the Queen, From the Dauphin to his dear Mamma, Congratulatory Addresses from a Dutch Ambassador to the French Court, and tirefome Scrolls of Blank Verse*, to fill up *Blanks* in your *Gazette*; I, for this Reason, and out of Pity to your *Alphabetic Engine*, which some time ago groaned in dire Labour, and brought forth *monstrous Births* of Poetry, have skuffled together a few crude Thoughts in *Prose*, which, if you please, you may dignify with a Place in your Paper, when you can find nothing better to insert.

In most Companies and Conversations, WHAT NEWS? is a common Question; which as it is often impertinently asked, so on many Occasions it meets with a trifling or insignificant Reply: And this, in my Opinion, is just what it deserves. Many propose the Question because they can think of nothing better to say; or if they can, they imagine the Person addressed deserves no higher Compliment than just to be trifled with: But setting aside the Design of the Enquirer, I am sure, that the Reply to such a Question, when proposed to a silly, weak, or ignorant Man, addicted to talking, must often carry more Harm than Good in it, or, at least, more *Stupidity* than good Sense; especially in a Place so barren of *News* as this, where neither Wit nor Invention abound, to afford innocent Amusements of this Kind, as we have seen by some late *Essays* inserted in your Paper, both in *Prose* and *Vers*, which, instead of being genuine *Streams from Helicon*, are really nothing but *Low Wines*, drawn as one may say, by a single Distillation, from the *Dregs* of *Grub-street*.

BUT not to deviate from the Subject, should this *trite Question* WHAT NEWS? be proposed to a silly Fellow, gifted with the Talent of Loquacity, which most conceited Fops are blest with, *what follows?* The Hearers are presently surfeited with an idle Discourse, which consists of nothing but Fiddle-faddle, or a tedious Story, without Connection or Symmetry of Parts, which answers no Purpose, either to instruct or entertain; and while the Fool is laughed at for his Simplicity, his Vanity suggests to him, that the Company are pleased with his fine Humour, and his own *stunning Horse-Laugh* drowns all the rest. I have often been uneasy at seeing human Weakness so need-

may make Pastime in thus bandying a Fool, yet the frequent Practice of this Sort of Buffoonry, I think, is inconsistent with that Humanity and good Manners, which ought to adorn the Gentleman's Character, and constitute the *Man of Sense* and true Politeness.

NEITHER can our Question WHAT NEWS? with Safety be proposed to an *affected Person*, who exposes himself to Ridicule upon all Occasions, both in his Gestures and Discourse. *Affectation* in every View is ridiculous, because it makes a Man fond of distinguishing himself, by applying those Talents where-with Nature has furnished him otherwise than the designed. And what other Superstructure can be raised upon such a Foundation, than *Impertinence* and *Absurdity*? It discovers itself by a Love of Singularity, and going out of the common Road in every Thing, in order to be remarkable. And hence, *Common Sense* and the *Dictates of Nature* are rejected, as altogether improper for serving the Purposes of the *affected Coxcomb*. He chafes to strike out some new Discovery, in order to engage a particular Attention, and prevent his being blended with the Herd of Mankind. His *great Genius* comprehends every thing at once, and in the Depth of his Wisdom he mistakes the Presumptions of *Vanity* for the Demonstrations of *Reason*. Thus is the *impertinent Coxcomb* generally the most incorrigible *Ignoramus* in the Company: The only Remedy for such a Fool, is to follow Nature, which never misleads, but is a perfect and unerring Guide.

AGAIN, should our Question WHAT NEWS? be proposed to a professed *Tatler*, or one of a vulgar or invidious Turn, then it is odds but you have at once all the *private History* of the Place, delivered in a *defamatory Style*; you are told, *Who visited at such a Place upon Tuesday last, the Chat that passed in the Company, what Persons were mentioned in Discourse, whom the Panegyric was bestowed upon, and upon whom the Satyr*; with the whole Class of such *Impertinencies*. But alas! it is needless to derive such silly Conversation from our Question WHAT NEWS? as it's sole Source or Fountain; it is evident to all Men, conversant in small Societies and petty Townships, that this vulgar Mode of Conversation too often naturally vents itself, when no such Question is proposed, there are some grovelling Mortals, who, even in well-bred and polite Companies, will introduce such *impertinent Topics*, when there is neither Trifler nor designing Person present to propose our Query, and when the Company are entirely averse to such silly Entertainment: Nay, there are a Set of busy Enquirers, who spontaneously make use of little sly Arts and Fetches, to discover one another's Thoughts of this or that Person, of such and such an Affair, and